

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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AGAIN we turn to the most important subject in the musical politics of this country—a national opera. We may occasionally pause between our discussions of the matter—to take breath for a fresh attack—to debate, perchance some more ephemeral question—or, practising a little worldly wisdom, to avoid satiating our musical readers with that which, of all other dishes, we would have them always seize with a vigorous appetite—in some way or other a week must now and then intervene; but we return to the charge, determined not to relinquish the ground until we have fairly tried whether the young composers of England have spirit and self-respect sufficient to make a resolute effort in their own defence. The drawers of our office, at least, bear testimony to the valorous spirit of letter-writing that is abroad just now upon the subject. Our last invitation has been accepted in almost every corner of England—we are positively deluged with correspondence, and right glad are we thereof, for it shows that neither ignorance nor negligence have occasioned the silence of those most interested in the matter, but a kind of literary modesty which—however desirable in some cases—we cannot but think misplaced *here*; seeing that we have besought our correspondents for *ideas* rather than for *words*, and which modesty, it seems, only required a certain quantity of poking and stirring up, to make it yield to the desire of lending a hand towards dragging the question into the notice of the general public. As it is, we cannot promise to insert all the letters addressed to us on this subject, since the whole surface of our journal would be too small to contain them; we are therefore compelled to take those which appear most important, and in the order in which they arrive.

We rejoice, also, to find that the letters of our correspondents on this subject,
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are beginning to take a more practical form; the "random-shots" of which "*Patria*" very justly complains are gradually giving way to well-aimed discharges at point-blank distance;—in short, those who now stand in the van of the attack feel, we trust, the cogency of *Hamlet's* injunction to the players—"Leave your damnable faces and begin." Some of the views of the suggestors are at variance with our notions, and how, and in what they are so, we will fairly state; at the same time wishing it to be most clearly understood that however much we may dissent from the opinions of our correspondents, we are not the less thankful for their help, and shall always publish their letters if their general importance appears to warrant such an occupation of our pages.

The first, and, in some respects, most weighty in our last number, is the letter of Mr. Macfarren. At the outset of his epistle, this eminent musician shows symptoms of that literary diffidence to which we have alluded, and which we fear may have deprived us of many valuable expressions of opinion from other quarters. We are most anxious to impress on the minds of our really musical friends that nothing can be more groundless than the apprehension that by confiding their written opinions to the Editor of the "*Musical World*," they expose themselves to any species of quizzing on the score of their "*English*." Once more—*ideas*, not *words*, are the requisites in rational discussions; and so long as the former are present, the assortment of the latter is a matter of the purest indifference: and were this *not* the case, the letter of Mr. Macfarren, at least, should occasion him no blush for his first appearance in print. We have merely to add, that should any of our young composers be restrained from addressing us by any similar dread, they do the cause injury and us injustice. Mr. Macfarren objects to the notion of "a joint-stock company of artists entering into the speculation of theatrical management;" equally so do we: but we think Mr. Macfarren misunderstands our "joint-stock" proposition. We never contemplated for a moment—nor, we think, did "*Patria*," in his first letter—that a fraternity of artists should take on them that which they obviously could not understand—such, for example, as classifying and apportioning the *business* of the theatre—as to all the minor duties, we mean, which are found in the working of a large establishment—procuring and making terms with the subordinate assistants, or such of the higher functionaries not strictly musical; and half-enticing, half-compelling, to a "pull altogether," the discordant elements which usually form the live-stock of a theatre. Duties of this kind, naturally, can only be properly discharged by a person skilled in the crookednesses of theatrical management. But we would turn Mr. Macfarren's argument on himself, and assert that, in the same degree that musical artists are unfit for offices of this sort, *theatrical managers*, for aught we ever saw to the contrary, are incompetent to govern the *musical* affairs of a theatre, and for precisely a similar reason—they do not understand them. This, however, is rather a dilemma of shadow than substance, since we see no difficulty in appointing a manager for the more mechanical concerns of the theatre, *under* the committee of composers on whom must devolve the *musical* direction of the establishment. We differ also with

our correspondent as to the probability of public support to such an undertaking. English opera has hitherto failed of patronage by reason of its failure in execution;—our musicians have no right to expect the endurance of their countrymen for anything less than first-rate performance—they enjoy it at the Italian Theatre and they will not be satisfied with *much* less elsewhere; give them this, and it would puzzle any casuist to frame a reason for their withholding their patronage.

"Patria" takes our joking very good-temperedly, and we like him none the less on that account. With his proposal for nominating a committee, or rather for forming, at once, an operatic *conversazione*, we cordially agree, but we think him mistaken in wishing the members to confine their discussions to the pages of the "Musical World." Writing is useful enough in its way, but it is after all, but a tedious process;—one good *viva voce* discussion would do better service than all the writing they or we could compass within the next three months. With this view, the suggestion of "A Young Composer" comes in for the praise of being practically useful—viz., that all composers, willing to try the question fairly, should send in their names to us in order that a meeting may be called when deemed advisable. To this, we would add a request that those musicians who address letters to us on the subject, and, at the same time, have a determined spirit for the struggle, should enclose—confidentially, if they prefer—their names and addresses, in order that they may be called on for their advice and assistance at any meeting which the apparent ripeness of the project may warrant.

Mr. Millar's offer to subscribe fifty guineas is spirited and liberal, and will doubtless be fully appreciated by his musical brethren. Several of his propositions, however, militate greatly against our operatic notions. The English Opera-house is a pretty theatre, and probably somewhat endeared to Mr. Millar, but it is ill-constructed for tone, and neither would the stage permit a chorus, nor the pit, a band, commensurate in our idea, with the dignity of a *National Operatic* establishment. A large theatre does not necessitate the "loud-singing" for which Mr. Millar expresses his distaste—the softest notes of Rubini's *falseto* are heard in the Italian Theatre with nearly the same *distinctness* as the most stentorian effort of Lablache. Mr. Millar is a singer, and therefore we may feel some difficulty in discoursing with him on the inability of the representatives of his craft in England, nevertheless we must express our conviction that, at present, there are *not* singers—*male* singers at least—fit for any music that might be entrusted to them. On the question of conductorship, we think, our correspondent's suggestions would, if put in practice, only perpetuate a fatal error. The well-going of our orchestras demands *not* that a composer should "conduct his work for the first six nights," but that there should be one *invariable* conductor. At the *Académie Royale* of Paris, Habeneck permits no composer to interfere with the direction of his work: he ascertains from the author the time of every movement, and, being a *thorough* musician, seizes at once on the feeling of the composition confided to his care, and to the task of its direction, brings a

power over the efforts of his band which can be acquired only *by the force of habit*. So it should be with us. One conductor only should be appointed—but he must be selected, *not* by the ordinary means of *fashionable* reputation, but by the suffrages of those who feel that, in trusting their works to him, they may securely rely on his feeling to interpret faithfully every point in their design.

Space will not allow us to proceed further in the matter at present, but those interested in its success may rest assured that we will not relax in our endeavours until we have brought to bear the first point in our plan—the formation of a musical *conversazione*.

ON THE TONE OF THE FLUTE.

It is well known that in the flute, as well as in all the other wind instruments, the column of air is only the body that produces the tone, as the vibrating string is in stringed instruments. The tone itself has its foundation in, and takes its peculiarity from, the molecular atoms of the solid mass of the instrument. The wood of which the instrument is made, is therefore of the greatest importance to the tone; but practical flute players and professors of acoustics do not agree as to which is the best kind of wood. Fuerstenau gives the preference to box-wood, for this reason, that a flute made of it has a much softer tone than any other; but professors of acoustics generally think ebony a material much better adapted: and we are of the same opinion. If the flute has only correct dimensions, which of course is of the first importance, it will, if made of ebony, undeniably give a softer, and at the same time a much firmer, purer, and more penetrating tone; and the tone will appear easier. We should infer from this the principle, that the harder the wood, the firmer and more powerful will be the tone. When Theobald Boehm played on his flute during his last stay in England, his tone nearly equalled that of the lamented Nicholson, in every other respect except in the power of tone. Nicholson's flute was made of cocoa wood; and when Boehm played on that flute his tone was but little inferior to that of the other master. Boehm does not now therefore take any other material for the manufacture of his flutes but cocoa wood, of which he makes them after a new invention of his own; and his flutes are distinguished by their full, powerful tone. He discovered also the circumstance, that in flutes of this material, the thickness of their wood has the most material influence on the quality of tone. If it is but for the back of a knife thicker than what he has found out to be the correct thickness, the tone will be dull and without resonance: if only so much thinner, it will be intolerably thin and squealing. These same faults will appear more or less if the wooden tube of a flute, or only its mouthpiece, are inlaid with metal (brass or silver). The cause is less the hardness or firmness of the metal, than the peculiarity of its molecular vibrations.

The same variety of opinions as on the material, exists also in regard to the best method of procuring the higher tones. To effect this, requires the production of a shorter undulation of the column of air, corresponding to the tone wanted. This can be done in two apparently opposite ways: either by blowing so strong, that by the resistance of the enclosed column of air the undulation extends only for a short length; or by blowing very little wind into the flute, and thus immediately producing an undulation too short to reach directly the length of the tube in the moment required for vibration. The first, blowing strong, is effected either by immediately increasing the velocity of the stream of air, by blowing from the lunge, or by narrowing the lips, and thus propelling a less quantity of air *certainly*, but with greater velocity, towards the edge of the embouchure. The former method is not applicable in playing melodiously, and the latter is therefore better adapted; and in the same way the blowing less wind into the flute is effected. For by narrowing the opening of the lips, a proportionally smaller, and therefore necessarily shorter undulation of air only enters the flute. The natural formation of the lips of some flutists not allowing

such a narrowing of them, other means have been thought of; and Biot has proposed to decrease the mouth-hole of the instrument, by means of a movable labium. But this is too uncertain, and only half fulfils its object. Turning the flute more inward or outward, altering the angle under which the air dashes against the embouchure, has this effect on the tone, that the former; bringing the upper lip more over the mouth-hole, produces a lower tone: by the obtuse angle which the stream of air from the mouth makes with the aperture of the flute, the force of the dash on the edge is lost, which also lowers the tone. In turning the flute outward, the upper lip is drawn back from the aperture, and the undulation can freely proceed into the air without being thrown back by a cover.

This of itself gives the best rule for the best embouchure. If the flute is so put to the mouth that the aperture comes too far inward, a full, beautiful, flexible tone can never be produced: it will always be thin, cutting, lisping, without resonance or power. A cantabile can never be thus performed well and correctly, with good portamento.

To produce a really beautiful and singing tone, the lips must at most but half cover the aperture. In this position the player will the better be master over his instrument; after having by practice acquired some ease and firmness, he can execute every shade in the cantabile style, as well as every difficulty in bravura parts; and he can give greater variety and interest to his whole performance. This embouchure presents, it is true, more difficulties to the beginner, in producing a good tone: but the essential advantages which will proceed from it are altogether worth the exertions of acquiring a facility in playing in this manner.

ON ORGAN PLAYING.

One of the greatest advantages which the organ possesses over all the other keyed instruments is, that the tones sound as long as the key is pressed down; and this advantage makes that majestic instrument peculiarly adapted for the linked or severe style so called.

It is besides an instrument particularly intended and used for the church and its service, and to be found in churches; and its style of playing must therefore be in conformity with its place and object: it must stimulate devotion, and, applied to the church chorals, must assist them; and should therefore carefully abstain practically from everything which would be contrary to their character; such as concerted passages, arpeggios, short, broken chords, &c. Beautiful, simple melodies, calming the heart, floating on solemn, powerful and thrilling harmonies; these are the first fundamental elements, of which alone all organ-playing ought to be composed. Ornaments and graces cannot but appear as a desecration of what is holy, as a stain on what is beautiful, as a disfiguration of what is venerable.

Of the greatest importance in playing the organ is the right application and combination of the different stops, of which the whole work is composed; and it is here that the skilful organ-player, who ought by no means to be considered in the light of a virtuoso, develops his great art. For as the organ is in itself the most complicated and artificial of all musical instruments, its correct treatment in playing requires peculiar art, and great knowledge and skill on the part of the organist. We will further examine into these qualifications, as derived from the general character of the instrument on which we have touched above; and the rules for the detailed parts or attributes of a good management of the instrument will be easily deduced.

It is in the first place absolutely necessary that a good organist should have a complete knowledge of harmony; since the instrument requires always full and complete harmony.

It is farther of the greatest necessity to have the most complete and exact knowledge of the external and internal construction of the instrument itself; which, however, can only be acquired by thorough instruction and long experience. For instance, the different degrees of forte and piano, which the organ

tones cannot produce by themselves, can only be reached, through whole pieces, by the use of the different stops; since all the attempts at compensation of the pipes, such as the swell, &c., have hitherto not fulfilled their object. There are, however, not only a great many different stops, but each of them has its own peculiar character, being, as it were, a proper wind instrument by itself; and the organist has to apply all these stops, single or combined, according to their proper character. It may be easily conceived that this requires great knowledge, and great experience of instruments, if the intended effect of elevating the mind to worship is to be reached. The consideration alone of the different extent of the single stops, not only compared to each other, but also in themselves, and their different application and disposition on the manuals and pedals, requires knowledge and experience. J. G. Werner's "Compendium for learning to know, preserve, judge of, and repair the work of an organ" (Merseburg, 1823), is a very thorough, useful book in this point of view; but you may learn it by heart, and yet you will not know how to treat the playing of an organ in this respect. Cultivated taste and rich experience must assist instruction, or the best instruction will be useless; although, on the other hand, none will succeed without it.

The organist has the best opportunity to show his art at public worship, in preludes or voluntaries, or in long interludes, which some parts of the service admit. Here he has room for, and is allowed to play figures, variations, and fantasias full of art; but they must always correspond with the above-mentioned general character of the instrument, with its dignity and destination: he is here allowed to show his genius for invention, his knowledge of harmony, and his skill in the treatment of the instrument, in their fullest range. The prelude in particular, however, must always maintain a connection with the worship, and be a suitable preparation for it.

Organ-playing shows itself most simple in the choral. Its object here is to support, to conduct and fill the singing of the congregation; and it must therefore not fall into disunion with it, either in respect to time or modulation; unless the singing be spoiled by the fault of the congregation, by their bad habits; when the organ-player, by his accompaniment, may oppose himself to it; nay, it is his duty to do so: but again, he must do it gently, in an assisting way, and by no means abruptly.

In church music, and the public performances of the greater compositions in churches, organ-playing appears partly as an accompaniment only, partly as an obligato. In the first case, the organist generally plays only from a figured bass copy; that is, in the copy before him only the fundamental base of the piece is written out, with figures for the chords. Here again it becomes evident how much knowledge in harmony is required of an organ-player, to be useful in all cases where his art is required. It is also necessary that he should be fully acquainted with the full score of the piece in accompanying larger works, in order to keep the organ always strictly within the limits of a mere accompaniment, and never to make it a solo or predominant instrument, except where it is expressly prescribed. It is therefore very desirable in this case always to have the notes fully written out for the organ-player.

Good instruction books for the organ have been written by Drechsler, Hering, Knecht, Rinck, Türk, Vogler, Schneider, Werner, and C. Guntenberg.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As you have twice so earnestly solicited correspondence on this important subject, I venture to address you, which I should have done long since, had I not been somewhat unhandsonely treated on another occasion by the conductors of the *Musical World*, who admitted abusive tirades against me from sundry parties, without being polite or unprejudiced enough to insert my defence. The question is to me, and must be to all followers of music in England, however obscure, one of vital interest, but you will admit that it is both loss of time and waste of feeling to indite long epistles, which, for some *ex parte* reasons, are never

published. Enough of this. I think both yourself and your correspondents have failed to hit on the real elements of our hitherto musical nothingness—so to speak—in England. To my mind it is almost wholly to be traced to a cause both simple and plainly apparent to any one who will bestow ten minutes' careful reflection on the subject. You will inquire—to what do I allude:—I answer with confidence, founded on many and painful considerations, to a false delicacy on the part of almost every member of the profession in speaking his opinion on musical matters. By this fatal and pseudo-delicacy the most baneful results are engendered; unsubstantiated reputations are created, and men hold positions which, though surrounded by a glare of apparent light, are in themselves hollow and deceptive. Monsieur *this*—Mr. *that*—and Herr *the other*—are great men, because, forsooth, the newspapers and the great body of ignorant amateurs have said so; and furthermore, because those who are competent to give an opinion keep such opinion to themselves, or, at any rate, to their very intimate acquaintances, for fear of being called ill-natured, and thereby creating a host of enemies in the press and elsewhere; showing plainly that they hold the approbation or rather the indifference of the ignorant to the plaudits of real artists, and the good of their art. And thus the public, which on all occasions, from the beginning of time, has been the dupe of much talking, or what St. Paul calls *profanas vocum novitates et oppositiones falsi nominis scientie*, are, from their natural and primeval neutrality, and consequent wax-like plasticity, converted into the deadliest enemies instead of the liveliest patrons of what is really great in the arts; and this solely on account of the false teachers who assail them on every side, *uninterrupted* by the subdued current of wholesome criticism which can only come from artists themselves. Of the press I have but little hope; it is wholly in the hands of half-self-instructed amateurs and conceited persons, who imagine that knowing when So-and-so was born, and how many anthems were written by So-and-so, constitutes musical criticism. Among all this herd of ignorant writers (and I most especially distinguish above the rest for more than an ordinary share, allied to the most intolerant conceit, *The Athenæum*, *The Spectator*, *The Examiner*, and *The Morning Chronicle*) stands pre-eminently pure and unsullied by ignorant criticism or blundering attempts at the distortion of musical phrases, one solitary paper—the *Atlas*, a paper certainly of the highest respectability, and in every department most ably conducted, but *one* only, not being centipectal like the monster in *Palmerin d'Olive*, nor centimanual like Briareus, therefore *one* against a host; a single chevalier against an army of ill-intentioned griffins. So much for the press. I shall not soon forget the perusal of a long and rambling article in the *Westminster Review* some year or two by-gone, said to be apropos of the history of the pianoforte and its professors, when some half-dozen pages were devoted to the modern French mountebanks—the intense and profound Thalberg (!), the wild and imaginative Liszt (!!), the captivating Chopin (!!!), and the learned and variously-gifted Czerny (!!!!), and about a third of a page bestowed on Mendelssohn, and *three lines* to Sterndale Bennett, who, putting aside Mendelssohn, would easily swallow the whole race of them, as Pantagruel did the pigmies of yore. Nor shall I easily forget a slipshod and pseu-poetic rhapsody in the *Monthly Chronicle*, called “The Musician at Norwich,” when Spohr, in the most patronising manner, is stated to have condescended to mention approvingly the *pretty things* (!), composed by the same Bennett. Those who know either Spohr or *his music*, and are consequently aware that he is one of the noblest composers, and one of the purest-minded beings that ever existed, will not believe him capable of such a miserable attempt at satire, such a puny effort to underrate a mind in no whit inferior to his own. But this appeared in a first-rate literary review, conducted by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, one of the stars of the world of letters, and therefore is greedily ingurgitated by those who, themselves unable to judge, feed on the opinions of others, and consequently select them from what they consider to be the best source. Oh! that men of letters knew *something* of music!—even as little as they know of painting would be better than nothing, though but a small gift I must avow—we should then perhaps have a shadow of a chance of the healthy representation of what has been hitherto unrepresented, viz. the literature of music. So much again for the press.—Now to come nearer to the point about which I have been veering, like a ship that cannot get into port without sundry abortive efforts—What are the signs of the times, musically considered? With sorrow I must avow the still more exuberant pruriency of charlatanism, which, so to speak, is panto-prevalent, or omni-ambulant, stalking everywhere without dread of exposure. In this atmosphere of hypocrisy, the musical world (not yours, Mr. Editor, as you will see by the absence of capitals), one is almost afraid to speak out fearlessly and candidly; but I, emulating in another sense the precocious “Patria,” and the antithetical and prospopoeian “Pro-Patria,” will at least attempt to leap over the Rubicon of false opinion, and dispel the allusions of rotten reputations. Cast your sagacious eye, Mr. Editor (and therein be you imitated by your readers), over the musical universe, and let the result be a correct statistic of musical greatness *unphasmatic, id est*, as it really exists, taking, of course,

composition, as the test, being the highest, and in fact, the only department of music which at present concerns us. I will endeavour to assist you. Let us first travel into Germany. What do we stumble on in that most poetical country? A swarm of composers equalling in number the locusts, to whom the doors of Pharaoh's palace were patulous. First, let us enumerate the names of such as are celebrated even there, and then let us single out those to whom you and I, Mr. Editor, can conscientiously award a real meriting of eminence. To begin then, what a glitter makes the following phalanx of reputed stars!—Spohr, Schneyder, Lachner, C. Kreutzer, Strauss, Neukomm, Henselt, Verhulst, Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Kalliwoda, Czerny, Lobe, Lanner, Strauss (*the symphonist*), Mayer, Maurer, Marschner, Lindpaintner, Molique, Reissiger, Labitzky, Schumann, Hiller, Thalberg, and so on *ad infinitum*. Out of these—and I speak advisedly, being well acquainted with most of the works which have gained them celebrity—Spohr and Mendelssohn are men of first-rate genius, distinguished musicians whose names shed a lustre over their country and a glory over their art, which they have never for one instant degraded by submission to the worthless plaudits of the mob, or hankering after the hollow celebrity which is the gift of the laity. These are high priests in the religion of music, and myths in the sacred arcana of its mystic temple. To these we may add, as a star less bright, but still of the first magnitude, Molique, whose compositions for his particular instrument, to say nothing of his beautiful quartets, will live for ever, being perfect in their kind. Marschner is a highly-talented man and an excellent musician, but he wholly lacks originality; his operas are numerous, and contain much to admire and much to deprecate, but he is, take him all in all, a fair specimen of an accomplished musician to whom *genius* has not been awarded. Schneyder is a dry theorist, of great distinction as a harmonist and contrapuntist, but incapable of producing fifty bars of music containing anything like continued interest. His symphonies and oratorios are the very acme of dryness—siculent as withered shrubs—uninteresting as the poems of Sir Richard Blackmore, or the speeches of Sir Robert Peel—musical sermons—so to speak. Mayer is a clever pianist and not devoid of genius; his studies and other compositions for the piano are gems among the world of trash that is daily and hourly perpetrated abroad; he is, besides, a young man and promises well. Neukomm, about whom such a fuss was once raised, has paid England a visit, and has quietly built a cenotaph for his reputation which has been dead—himself yet living—for some time—he being veritably a most dull dog, a wholly uninspired composer; *requiescat in pace!* (alluding to his late reputation.) Czerny, with his five hundred and eighty operas (works), would do much better if he would consign five hundred and seventy of them to the flames; the remaining ten are, to say the least, respectable. Robert Schumann is an enthusiast, and we therefore respect him; he is, besides, the editor of the best musical journal in Europe, and a clever and accomplished scholar; his music is by no means destitute of ideas, but in the highest degree extravagant; to sum up, he is a sort of Berlioz *en petit*, on whom, by the bye, he dotes to extravagance, and frequently compares him to Bennett and Verhulst. Verhulst is a young Dutch composer about whom an immense commotion is made without any apparent reason; I have seen overtures by him containing very little to recommend them. Henselt is a great pianist who plays the overture to *Oberon* a *merveille*, and writes a power of “*love poems*” and “*rhapsodies*” dedicated to his cherished lady-love; these are clever things in a bad school, viz. that of the great musical impostor (who was humorously compared to Bach by some of our amateur critics) Sigismund Thalberg. Thalberg we already know to be a splendid pianist, who writes, with the single exception of Liszt, the ugliest music extant. Of the three waltz compounders it is hardly worth while to speak, except to say that any other than waltz *walters* placed in the same position, with waltz-bands at their beck, would have done just as well, and very likely ten times better.* Herrn Kalliwoda, Lobe, Lindpaintner, Lachner, and Reissiger, are veritably five of the most consummate humbugs in existence; their overtures and symphonies would disgrace the merest tyro in the academy in Tenterden-street; young Jowson's overture (for some metaphysical reason of which I am not cognizant) yeleft *Killierankie*, is better than any one of them, though the production of quite an inexperienced and a very young composer. Mr. Cipriani Potter would make sad havoc if they were brought for his inspection, and yet these rude misshapen absurdities are presented to the Philharmonic subscribers, who with the most praiseworthy complacency pay their four guineas for such rubbish as would disgrace a barn! Maurer is a clever man, but nothing extraordinary; we have been pestered with a concertante quartet and a violin concerto of his till I, for one, most heartily wish him at Jericho. It remains to speak of Strauss, the man who has written a symphony, and being a German this said symphony, though a feeble

* I have omitted Conradin Kreutzer whose opera now performing at the Prince's Theatre is a clever thing of a certain kind, but is not comparable to the weakest opera of John Barnett; and Hiller, a fiery pianist, who composes hideous fantasias, capriccios, symphonies, and overtures *en masse*.

production, is to be crammed down the throats of the Philharmonic audience, while the symphonies of Bennett, Macfarren, Mudie, Potter, and Lucas, are unnoticed *because* they are the productions of Englishmen! Herr Strauss (unlike his namesake the concoctor of eight bars multiform) hitherto *wholly unheard of*, totally obscure, like the moon in a perfect eclipse, exclaims, as he puts his foot on English ground, "*I have written a symphony*"—mark that, *a symphony*, and instantanèly the old women of the Philharmonic (what could Messrs. Loder, Potter, and Moscheles have been dreaming about) seize occasion by the forelock, rehearse the mighty effort, and pronounce the awful words, "let it be done at our next concert," and lo! it is done! Meanwhile Macfarren's symphony in *F minor* is returned *twice* untried, nay unlooked at, to the composer, and Mudie, whose symphonies (recollect, Mr. Editor, I have promised to speak out) are hardly inferior to those of Spohr or Mendelssohn, is wholly unnoticed; the result of which is the retirement from the musical arena of one of the finest living musicians. But never care—Macfarren and Mudie are merely Englishmen; and what is a *merus Anglicus*? somewhat, I imagine, in the situation of the *merus Hibernus* in the time of the Catholic persecutions of which you may read in Captain Rock. And what does this arise from? simply, from the unpardonable affectation of the great mass of professors who are afraid to say what they think, and are thus *deservedly* treated with contempt by the sharks who live on their patrimony, in the shape of moustached mountebanks and capillated impostors, who thrive in the palace as in the private mansions of Englishmen, where Englishmen alone by right should claim admittance. My letter has extended to so great a length that I must defer its continuation till next week, and its conclusion to indefinite time. You must allow me to ramble on in my own way, and I promise to come home to the point of debate, viz. an English National Opera, as soon as I possibly can by circumlocutory convolutions.—Adieu for the present. Your friend and well-wisher,

INDICATOR.

[Some of our correspondent's letters were returned, we understand, not for the reasons he assigns, but because they contained several personalities with which, it was considered, the readers of our journal had no concern.—Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR,—Right glad and grateful should your readers and the whole musical public of this country be, both to your correspondent "*Patria*," for his spirited throwing down of the gauntlet, and to yourself, for rallying and inciting us to the struggle for a national opera. I applaud and second your hint for the formation of a society or conversazione, to discuss what is needful and what is best to be done; from such a conclave we might gather what the aspiring musician expects, and of what he is capable for the furtherance of the desired object, and thence be enabled to form an estimate of the assistance likely to be required, both individual and exchequeral, for the parturition of the plan. I do most earnestly urge the assembling of such a senate, and that no time may be lost in framing a report, to the publication of which I doubt not you will render your most valuable assistance.

There are other points in your notice with which I do not so readily concur. I do not perceive the necessity for a theatre of gigantic dimensions, nor an establishment of unlimited power; such would appear like beginning at the wrong end, would not be following the safe precedents of the Royal Academy and the Philharmonic, and would swell the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise far beyond that reasonable and careful hope which has ever been the guide-star of the truly successful: the Lyceum was sufficient for the full triumph of the *Mountain Sylph*, and, with very crippled means, carried the *Devil's Opera* through a long run. "These are pretty beginnings," as *Mrs. Peachum* says, Mr. Editor, and such as I fancy the musical world will be fully satisfied to have reiterated, until they shall have educated the public to appreciate and reward grander affairs. I learn from the public prints that there is a theatre of similar dimensions in progress in Oxford-street: why not appropriate this? Against the proposition, that the young composers of the metropolis should become the managers of the National Opera, I yet more earnestly protest; seeing that, as I remarked to you a few weeks since, such an experiment has already been ruinous to the Society of British Musicians. No, Sir, the young composers will far better serve the cause in their own studies, and in supervising the production of their works till they are sufficiently perfect to give a fair notion of what they have imagined and intended, a condition in which few musical works in this country have hitherto come forth. Let us have some experienced and active commander, pilot, and steersman, some man or men of business, who are masters of the needful details—liberal and patriotic, and above all placed beyond even the suspicion of unfairness—"Patria," if he be the competent person he professes, or any one, or any number satisfactorily chosen.

Over these we should have a committee of judges, to whom the management should refer works tendered for production; these judges should be persons not likely to compete as composers. All works sent in should be with sealed signatures; at least, until composers have established their reputation by a previous success—this last regulation seems indispensable.

But these and other precautionary matters will doubtless suggest themselves to your proposed society, and, beyond an occasional hint, it will be enough for me to repeat the promises of "Pro Patria," and be ready, heart, hand, and purse to support the much desired undertaking.—I remain, Mr. Editor, yours ever faithfully,

Leeds, June 6th, 1840

LYRUS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In reference to the establishment of a National Opera, and the correspondence on that subject, allow me to say that I think your journal should not be made the vehicle of such puffing letters as one which appeared in your last number. My opinion about a National Opera is just this, that Sterndale Bennett and Macfarren are our only composers capable of writing an opera, and that the idea of making Mr. Bishop chairman of the new society can be nothing more or less than a joke played off in revenge for the infliction of some such thing as the overture to *Guy Mannering* upon the ears of the unfortunate writer. The people of England must be schooled for a long time ere they will patronize good music independently of fashionable caprice, and we must hope that the Musard Concerts, by judiciously mixing the attractive with the more sterling compositions, will gradually lead the public to a state of discrimination. Perhaps Mr. Eliason will give our countrymen a chance by allowing at times such compositions as *Parisina* and *Romeo* a place in his programme.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, A LOVER OF MUSIC.

P.S. It will be indispensable that the prices of admission be reduced to the continental level, with equal excellence of performance, or how can equal success be expected?

REVIEW.

Characteristic Songs of Shelley, set to Music by Henry Hugh Pearson, Trin. Coll., Cambridge. 1. *Arethusa*. 2. *Invocation to Night*. 4. *Song of Beatrice Cenci*. 5. *Hymn to Proserpine*.

In noticing these remarkable compositions, the reviewer has to lay aside every thing that may be termed technical in criticism, and judge them wholly by the feeling they evince, not by the manner of expressing it. That feeling appears to be of a very high order, both for music and poetry—for the former, it is indicated by an evident originality, and in some cases a beauty, in the ideas, which are not the product of a commonplace imagination; and, for the latter, by the selection of words of the highest excellence, which require half a poet to appreciate them, and are fully calculated to kindle the best thoughts in such a person's mind: but the author is to the last degree illiterate in music, breaking nearly every rule of preparation, resolution, false relation, and harmonic rhythm, which must be distinguished from melodic rhythm as intending to signify the taking a harmony on a weak accent, which continues to a strong one, or the commencing a phrase of harmony where the melody decidedly comes to a cadence. Hence, with the view to encourage an emulation for high art, it is necessary to esteem Mr. Pearson's works by the nature they portray, in hopes their author may not be discouraged from the pursuit of art sufficient to train that nature to maturity.

No. 1. is the first stanza from the beautifully imaginative poem describing the course of the classic river *Arethusa* through the *Acroceraunian* mountains, and has a joyous, elastic character, well suited to the subject. A passage on the words "Streaming among the streams," is very happy; and another, at "The earth seemed to love her," one of the beauties ill-expressed.

No. 2. contains the proper feeling for the words; and the return to the original key of D flat from an unharmonic modulation into A natural, is quite new.

No. 4. is more simple than either of the preceding, and in the form of a ballad, with a varied accompaniment to the second verse—still the general character of

the song is too chromatic and wild to express the idea Shelley appears to have intended by

"Some low, sleepy tune,
Not cheerful—not yet sad: some dull old thing,
Some out-worn and unused monotony,
Such as our country gossips sing and spin,
Till they almost forget they live."

No. 5. has something sweetly pastoral in its character, and the obligato flute part evinces a good idea of instrumentation, but the words appear to be a fragment which do not convey their complete meaning.

Upon the whole, these songs give us great pleasure, because they evidently display the germ of great musical genius, which, properly cultivated, may become an ornament to the art.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

HER MAJESTY'S CONCERT.—As we had not the honour of being present at this concert, at which her Majesty and Prince Albert took a prominent part, we extract the following from the *Globe* newspaper:—"The concert given by her Majesty to a brilliant assemblage of guests at Buckingham Palace, on Friday evening, a programme of which we insert, was "Royal" in a highly gratifying and peculiar sense. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, as will be seen, by taking part in several of the concerted pieces, gave an interest to the entertainment which mere talent, however splendid, could not have imparted to it. The tranquillity of her Majesty's feelings, as well as her possession of health unimpaired by recent circumstances, are thus most satisfactorily evinced to her anxious people:—

PART I.

- Quartetto—(Ladies Williamson and Norreys; Signori Rubini and Lablache)—Oh, Notte soave..... Paer.
Quartetto—(Prince Albert, Signori Rubini, Costa, and Lablache)—Nobile Signora (Comte Ory)..... Rossini.
Duo—(her Majesty and Prince Albert)—Non funestar credule (Il Disertore)..... Ricci.
Preghiera—(Signor Rubini)—Fra Nemi crudeli (I Brigantini)..... Mercadante.
Duo—(Ladies Sandwich and Norreys)—Ciel qual destin terrible (Bianca e Falliero)..... Rossini.
Coro Pastorale—(her Majesty, Ladies Sandwich, Williamson, Normanby, Norreys, Misses Liddell and Anson; Prince Albert, Lord C. Paget, Signori Rubini, Costa, and Lablache)..... Costa.

PART II.

- Trio—(her Majesty, Signori Rubini and Lablache)—Dunque il mio bene (Il Flauto Magico)..... Mozart.
Duo—(Lady Sandwich and Signor Rubini)—Ah! si fà per gli Occhi miei (Guillaume Tell)..... Rossini.
Aria—(Signor Lablache)—Ah! ch'io voglio trionfare (Il Ratto del Seraglio)..... Mozart.
Quartetto, con Coro—(her Majesty, Ladies Williamson, Sandwich, Norreys, Normanby, Misses Liddell and Anson; Prince Albert, Lord C. Paget, Signori Rubini, Costa, and Lablache)—Tu di grazia.... Haydn.
Duo—(Signori Rubini and Lablache)—Se inclinassi (Italiana in Algieri)..... Rossini.
Coro—(her Majesty, Ladies Sandwich, Williamson, Normanby, Norreys, Misses Liddell and Anson; Prince Albert, Lord C. Paget, Signori Rubini, Costa, and Lablache)—Oh come lieto giunge..... Felix Mendelssohn.
Signor M. Costa presided at the pianoforte.

MR. POTTER'S CONCERT.—In the midst of the trifling and tedious monotones of pianoforte-accompanied Italian *tours de force*, interspersed, but not relieved, with un-accompanied instrumental displays which are daily heard in our concert-rooms, a musical performance worthy the name of a concert—that is to say, comprising music of classical pretensions executed by talent and numbers capable of doing it justice—deserves the encouragement of every lover of the art. Mr. Potter is one of the very few professors who maintain the standard of good taste against the army of frippery and insignificance that seems likely to root it from the public mind for ever; and this he does, by the selection of great works by great authors—by the emulation of them in his own writings, and by the engage-

ment of a first-rate orchestra; thus he commands the gratitude of all who hope for the future glory of the English as a musical people, and it is to be hoped, receives their support. The first feature of Monday's performance was the symphony in A, of Beethoven, which was admirably played, and did great credit to Mr. Lucas, the conductor. Mr. Potter played a Concerto in B flat of Mozart, from a MS. arrangement by Hummel, said to be new to this country. The first movement is bold and remarkably clear in the plan and the instrumentation, but while it would do credit to any author, contains nothing to stamp it a work of first-rate genius; the slow movement which is in G minor, is in the form of an air with variations, but how different in character from the reams of rubbish that range under that head in a modern catalogue! it is a perfect specimen of romantic simplicity—it is a tear upon the cheek of sleeping infancy—a dewdrop in the moonshine; the last movement is less striking, but contains very much of great beauty, particularly in the *tuttis*. Of Hummel's arrangement it is impossible to speak, as the original is unknown to us; but the cadences, which it is to be supposed are his, are not very striking: that of the first movement is perhaps the better. The *beneficiaire* played also his own concerto in B flat (one of his best compositions, the subject of the last movement is very happy, but the employment of the Turkish instruments out of character with the sombre nature of the music), and a pedal fugue in G, of S. Bach, with Sig. Dragonetti, who played the pedal part on the double bass; this is a mistake which should not, and, it is to be hoped, will not again take place. The "veteran Drago," to use the expression of amateurs who encore this remarkable exhibition, has a surprising command of his instrument, but he cannot make it a pianoforte, and without a similar quality of tone between the pedal part and the manuals, the performance of these fugues cannot produce the effect intended by the author, and must step over the bridge between the sublime and ridiculous. Mr. Potter's playing throughout the concert was characterized by good taste, clear execution, and light touch, but was sadly deficient in power, which might have been from his own weakness, or that of his instrument, for Broadwood's pianofortes—and this was one of them—are remarkably less effective than those of any other maker that are now used in public. Mr. Potter's overture to *Cymbeline*, which commenced the concert, does more honour to his knowledge than his genius; there is some clever writing and some beautiful instrumentation in it, but on the whole it is surely not an interesting composition. The vocal music was just so bad as the tyranny of our great singers constantly obliges us to listen to, and the room was tolerably well filled.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.—The last of the series of these concerts was given at the Opera Concert-room, on Monday evening, when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.

Symphony—Jupiter.....	Mozart.
Duetto—(Signori Rubini and Tamburini)—Dove vai (Guillaume Tell).....	Rossini.
Concerto—(Mr. Forbes)—First Movement.....	Hummel.
Aria—(Mme. Grisi)—Bel raggio (Semiramide).....	Rossini.
Fantasia—(M. Haumann)—Violin.....	Haumann.
Aria—(Signor Rubini)—O Cara immagine (Il Flauto Magico).....	Mozart.
Aria—(Mdlle. Constance Janssens)—Prendi per me.....	Donizetti.
Terzetto—(Mme. Grisi Signori Rubini and Tamburini)—Ambro Mor- rette (Anna Bolena).....	Donizetti.
Overture—Jubilee.....	Weber.

PART II.

Overture, op. 124.....	Beethoven.
Duetto—(Mme. Grisi and Signor Rubini)—Scendi nel picciol leguo (La Donna del Lago).....	Rossini.
Fantasia—(M. Haumann)—Violin (Le Tremolo).....	De Beriot.
Aria, MS.—(Signor Tamburini)—Qual frà le trombi ei pifferi; Trumpet obligato, Mr. Harper, jun.....	Paer.
Aria—(Mdlle. Constance Janssens)—Spingi d'amaro pianto (Lucia di Lammermoor).....	Donizetti.
Overture—Jessonda.....	Spohr.

The instrumental selection was exceeding good, and the whole were well executed by the orchestra. Haumann again played at this concert, and throughout both of the compositions he performed was loudly applauded. The latter piece, the famous "Tremolo" of De Beriot, was encored. In the vocal department,

the only novelty was the first appearance in this country of Mdle. Constance Janssens. Her voice is good, and she manages it with much discrimination and taste: she was well received. In consequence of Grisi being taken unwell, the duet between her and Rubini, in the second part, was omitted. It will be perceived, by reference to the programme, that Mr. Forbes played a movement from a concerto by Hummell. We cannot close our notice of these concerts for the present season without protesting against the *rule* which has been made by the directors, of not engaging any other pianist. It is an injustice to the subscribers, and we are only surprised they have so long continued to permit such an absurdity.

MR. NEATE'S SOIREE MUSICALE.—The second of the classical performances given by this gentleman took place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday evening last; the following is the selection performed:—

PART I.

Quintett—(Messrs. Neate, G. Cooke, Lazarus, Jarrett, and Keating)—	
Pianoforte, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon.....	Beethoven.
Aria—(Signor Echarte)—Il Pastore Svizzero (accompanied by Mr. Braudan).....	Mercadante.
Aria—Miss Ward—Dove Sono.....	Mozart.
Solo—(Mdle. Bertucat)—Harp.....	
Canzonet—(Miss M. B. Hawes)—Think'st thou on me.....	C. Salaman.
Fantasia and Variations—(M. Hauman)—Violin.....	Hauman.
Ballad—(Miss Steele)—Tis sad to see the autumn leaf.....	Clinton.
Sonata—(Mr. Neate)—Pianoforte, op. 29.....	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sonata—(Messrs. Neate and Jarrett)—Pianoforte and Horn.....	Kruft.
Grand Scena—(Herr Kroff)—Adelaide.....	Beethoven.
Ballad—(Miss M. B. Hawes)—I'll speak of thee, I'll love thee too.....	M. B. Hawes.
Concertino, Flute—(Mr. Carte)—Hommage à Haydn.....	Heinemeyer.
Duetto—(Miss M. B. Hawes and Miss Ward)—Ti veggo t'abbraccio.....	Winter.
Aria—(Miss Steele)—Non piu di fiori; Clarinet obligato, Mr. Lazarus (La Clemenza di Tito).....	Mozart.
Serenade—(Signor Echarte)—Wakest thou, love?.....	H.R.H. Prince Albert.
Polonaise—(Mr. Neate)—Pianoforte.....	

We regret that we were unable to be present. The last soirée is announced for Thursday evening, the 25th instant.

MR. LITOLFF'S CONCERT.—This gentleman, who has recently returned from a very successful professional tour on the continent, gave a concert at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday evening last, which was most numerously attended. In the course of the concert, M. Litolf performed Weber's *Concert-stucke*, *Fantastique*, and *March Triumphale*, of his own composition, and with Messrs. Blagrove, Grattan Cooke, Hausmann, Richardson, Jarrett, and Dragonetti, two movements of Hummell's grand Septuor: he has great execution, and a perfect command over the difficulties of his instrument, and throughout his performance was most rapturously applauded; he repeated the *Concert-stucke* from the *March*, and after the piece of his own composition, he played his *Valse Brillante*. He also performed with Benedict a duet by Thalberg, but from the circumstance of its being placed at the end of the programme, we did not hear it. Hummell's Septuor was charmingly played, and Litolf shone conspicuously in the pianoforte part. The instrument on which he played was one of Zeitter's, and was of exceeding beautiful quality of tone. Dorus Gras sang "Robert toi que j'aimi," and an air by Burgmüller, in her captivating manner, and was much applauded. Miss Birch gave Rodes' air, a new and pretty ballad by Parry; and between the parts, a song written on the occasion of the attempted assassination of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. It is manufactured by Messrs. F. W. N. Bayley and Loder, and is of the same description as songs of the kind generally are. The other vocalists were Miss Steele, who has much improved since we last heard her, and gave with nice effect a ballad, the composition of Charles Salaman; Mdle. König, Herr Eicke, Signor F. Lablache, Mr. G. Marshall, and Mr. J. Parry, who amused the audience with his new comic song, "Wanted a governess." Mr. Bennett accompanied the vocal pieces—a portion of the audience occupying, as usual, the orchestra.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul," was performed at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening, in the presence of a crowded audience. From the lateness of the occurrence we are compelled to defer a lengthened notice until next week.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

YORKSHIRE.—The lovers of classical music had a rich treat at the Catholic Chapel, Bradford, on Whitsunday. The music was selected from Mozart's Mass, No. 1, and Haydn's Masses, Nos. 2 and 12, with full orchestral accompaniments. The principal instrumentalists were Messrs. Scholey (violin), Oddy (flute), and Shackleton (violoncello), who performed their parts in a manner that gave general satisfaction. The choir were steady and effective, but *too few* in number, as was apparent in the *tutti* parts, but the solos were admirable; the "Qui Tollis" was well sung by Mr. Marsden. It would be unjust to omit mention of Mr. Leesom who presided at the organ. This gentleman's performance bespeaks him a sound musician and one who understands his instrument; his style of accompaniment is truly delightful. On the whole the performance was highly creditable to all concerned, and gave great satisfaction.

BIRMINGHAM.—*The Distin Family* are now giving several performances in this town. The management of the trumpet by the elder Distin, who contrives to give the whole of the triplets and turns in the "Soldier tired," with the utmost precision, is very wonderful, but not more so than the performances of his sons on the French horn and the cornetto. The horn that these performers employ, we may remark, is the plain old three-note instrument, without a single mechanical appliance; and yet there is not a tone or semitone in the gamut that they do not contrive to elicit from it. The Echo Duet is the most curious exercise that we ever happened to hear. The echo part sounds as if it came from some hill or valley half a mile distant. The effect resembles the most perfect ventriloquy. Mademoiselle Schiller, who varies the concert by a series of well-selected vocal pieces, is a singer of much merit, her voice greatly above mediocrity, and in time and tune admirable. On the evening that we heard her, she gave "Di piacer," and a little lively Viennese ballad, "When I marry quoth I," in a very superior style. Several of her songs and several of the instrumental pieces were encored.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHILHARMONIC LAST CONCERT.—At this concert, which takes place on Monday next, Mr. Henry Field of Bath will play a Concerto on the pianoforte, and Ole Bull a Fantasia on the violin. Madame Dorus Gras and Tamburini are amongst the vocalists engaged, and Beethoven's Symphony in D will be played.

THE FESTIVALS.—Mr. Hunt, of Hereford, and Mr. Moore, of Birmingham, are in town making engagements for the ensuing festivals, which will take place in the third and fourth weeks of September.

THE FANCY DRESS BALL, for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music, on Friday last, was brilliantly attended by upwards of a thousand persons of rank and distinction. Weippert's band, consisting of fifty-eight performers, was engaged for the occasion.

OPERA COMIQUE.—A correspondent notices Auber's last opera in the following terms:—"Zanetta is a very ephemeral production, and will add but little to Auber's reputation. The plot is frivolous and uninteresting, the music light and airy, but destitute of original features. It may be added that there is no equilibrium in the *morceaux d'ensemble*, the solitary bass being quite incapable of sustaining the superincumbent host of tenors and sopranis. Mme. Damoreau's part is written expressly for her, and affords much opportunity for a display of her peculiar executive blandishments. Among the most zealous in their plaudits I was gratified by noticing a far superior artist—Mme. Eugenie Garcia. This lady appears to be shelved by green-room caprice or jealousy; she has as yet performed but one part—that of *Eva* in a French version of Coppola's *Nina*, but displayed therein a beauty of voice and an intensity of feeling that went directly to the hearts of her auditors.

MRS. SALMON'S CONCERT.—Mr. Anderson, and the committee for conducting Mrs. Salmon's concert on the 24th inst, have received several donations from dif-

ferent individuals, and amongst them ten pounds from the Hon. Gen. Bligh, and ten guineas from the directors of the Ancient Concerts.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.—Hopes are entertained that the Italians will either occupy the Ventadour (Renaissance) at the opening of their season in October, or that the new Salle Favart will be ceded to them by an arrangement with the Opera Comique, which, in that event, would be transferred to the Ventadour. We should much wish to see the latter design carried into effect; for to us it looks like sacrilege to allow any *artistes* to occupy the Place des Italiens but the unrivalled vocalists who so long delighted the public on that spot. At all events, it seems clear that our favourites are not to be again exiled to the Odeon, for we understand Government has ordered a commission to examine the means of restoring the Théâtre Ventadour, with a view of appropriating it to the Italian Opera. M. Visconti, the architect, has been instructed to present an estimate of the works.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We received Mr. Pearson's Song after the notice in our present number was written. A Correspondent is informed that neither of the parties mentioned was present at the performance alluded to in his letter.

Three "Lists of New Publications" are omitted this week, in consequence of the parties who sent them not having written their names thereon.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

Friday.—Evening—Concert of the Society of Female Musicians, at the Hanover-square Rooms. German Opera.

Saturday.—Morning—Rehearsal of the Eighth (and last) Philharmonic Concert, Evening—Italian Opera.

Monday.—Morning—Dohler's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms. Evening—Eighth Philharmonic Concert. German Opera.

Tuesday.—Morning—Miss Lewig's Concert. Evening—Mr. Clinton's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms. Italian Opera.

Wednesday.—Morning—Concert for the benefit of Mrs. Salmon, Hanover-square Rooms. German Opera.

Thursday.—Morning—Mlle. d'Espourin's Concert: The Melodists' Prize day. Mr. Neate's Third Soirée, Hanover-square Rooms. Italian Opera.

Friday.—Morning—Signor F. Lablache's Concert, Opera Concert-room. Mrs. Hallah and Mrs. W. Seguin's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms. Evening—Mr. Gear and Miss Verini's Concert. German Opera.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Mercadante,—La Vestale; book 1

Boosey.

Julien.—The Nightingale (Le Rossignol) Grande Valse des Concerts d'Été—the

Wessel.

Quail, ditto; and La Fuite, ditto

Ever.

Kalliwoða.—Four Grand Waltzes, op. 69

Ditto.

—Variations Brillantes, op. 94

Ditto.

—Introduction and rondo-facile, with quartett accompaniment

Ditto.

—Two Waltzes, four hands, op. 39

Ditto.

(Duets.)

Les Soirées de Londres, set 30, containing Musard's Montmartre Quadrilles

Ditto.

(Laveuses du couvent)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Molique.—Works of, no. 7, Souvenir du

Wessel.

Simplem; Swiss fantaisie, for violin and

Ditto.

pianoforte

Tolbecque.—Three new sets of quadrilles

Ditto.

—La Vendetta; Les Soirées des Tuileries; and Xacarrilla, opera by Mariani

Ditto.

Organist's Anthology.—Nos. 9 and 10, from classical works, arranged by H. J.

Ditto.

Lincoln

H. Westrop.—Quartetto concertante, for

Wessel.

pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello

Ditto.

Z. T. Purday.

Rimbault, S. F.—Overture, 'Otello,' for

Ditto.

pianoforte, with accompaniments for

Ever.

flute, violin, and violoncello

Kalliwoða.—Variations Brilliant, violin

Ditto.

and pianoforte, or orchestra, op. 22

ORGAN, or PIANO.

Sturges, E.—He rebuked the Red Sea;

chorus from Israel in Egypt, for two

performers. Z. T. Purday.

Westrop, E. J.—We never will bow

down; chorus from Judas; for two per-

formers. Ditto.

VOCAL.

Raper, C.—L'Asilo all Pellegrino Not-

turno a due voce. Boosey.

—Il Zeffiro ditto. Ditto.

Mecovini, Miss.—By the old tree meet me

—Dear land, where first my breath

Gillespie, W.—Stars give your light; duet

Handel.—Si tra i cippi; aria (Berenice)

Ditto.

Sievens.—Blow, blow thou winter wind;

glee. Pianoforte accts. by Horsley

Ditto.

Desvignes.—Believe me, I'm sincere

G. Linley.—Like yon clear and tranquil

river. Ditto.

Kreutzer.—Six of the most favourite songs

with English and German text from the

opera 'A Night in Granada,' arranged

by Ganz. Wessel.

Phipps, T.—Long time ago; duett Z. T. Purday.

Horsley, W.—Now the storm begins to

blow; ode for five voices. Ditto.

Kalliwoða.—Three Songs, pianoforte,

voice, and violoncello, with German

words. Ever.

HER MAJESTY'S
HANOVER



CONCERT ROOM,
SQUARE.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS,
ESTABLISHED 1830,

FOR THE RELIEF OF ITS DISTRESSED MEMBERS.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, THE QUEEN.

ON FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 19, 1840,

WILL BE PERFORMED, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THIS INSTITUTION,

A GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

PROGRAMME OF THE CONCERT.

PART I.

Grand Overture.....	Weber.
Trio—Miss Rainforth, Mrs. Aveling Smith, and Miss Dolby—Night's lingering shades. (<i>Asor and Zemira</i>).....	Sphor.
Air—Miss Woodyatt—Ave Maria. Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Willmann.....	Cherubini.
Duetto—Miss Rainforth and Mrs. A. Toulmin—Fiero incontro. (<i>Il Tancredi</i>).....	Rossini.
Grand Fantasia, Pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson, with Orchestral Accompaniments and Voices—The Power of Music.....	Beethoven.
Duetto, Mrs. W. H. Seguin and Mrs. Burnett—Prendere quel brunettino. (<i>Costi fan Tutte</i>).....	Mozart.
Recitative and Air—Miss Masson—Ye sacred priests. (<i>Jephtha</i>).....	Handel.
Madrigal, with Double Choir, Miss Clara Novello, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, Mrs. T. H. Severn, Miss Dolby, Miss Woodyatt, Miss Masson, Miss Steele, and Mrs. A. Toulmin—Ah! me, where is my true love?.....	F. Anerio A.D. 1570.

Trio, Two Violoncellos and Contra Bass, Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Sig. Dragonetti..... Corelli.

PART II.

Grand Overture. (<i>Fidelio</i>).....	Beethoven.
Cavatina—Miss Clara Novello—Casta Diva. (<i>Norma</i>).....	Bellini.
Duetto—Miss Bruce and Miss Dolby—Deh! con te.....	Bellini.
Fantasia, Violin, Mr. Blagrove, on Airs from Meyerbeer's Opera, <i>Les Huguenots</i>	Blagrove.
Duetto—Mrs. T. H. Severn and Miss Woodyatt—Sull'aria. (<i>Figaro</i>).....	Mozart.
Aria—con Variazioni—Miss Birch.....	Rode.
Motet—Miss Birch, Mrs. Burnett, and Miss Steele—Laudate pueri.....	Mendelssohn.
Hummel's Dramatic Overture (John of Finland), with Banqueting Music at a distance, arranged for six performers, on three pianofortes, Miss Calkin, Miss Orger, Miss Mounsey, Mrs. Hullah, Miss E. J. Smart, and Miss Veriul.....	J. Moscheles.

THE BAND WILL BE MOST EXTENSIVE AND COMPLETE, comprising the *élite* of the Philharmonic, Ancient, and Her Majesty's Theatre Orchestras.

Leader, Mr. F. CRAMER. Conductor, Sir GEORGE SMART.

All the Performers most liberally render their Grateful aid on this charitable occasion.

THE DOORS WILL BE OPENED AT SEVEN, AND THE CONCERT COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; Subscribers' and Reserved Seats, One Guinea each. Donations and Subscriptions will be thankfully received, and Tickets delivered, by the Secretary, Mr. J. W. HOLLAND, 28, Vincent Square, Vauxhall Bridge Road; and at all the principal Music Shops.

SIGNOR ZUCHELLI and MR. GRAHAM beg to announce that their MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Great Concert Room in HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on Monday, June 22, 1840—to commence at Two o'clock precisely. On which occasion they will be assisted by the following very distinguished talent: Mme. G. Grisi, Mme. Persiani, and Signor Rubini; Miss Durant (pupil of Mr. Graham, her first appearance); Signori Tamburini, Coletti, F. Lablache, Zuchelli, and Lablache. Signor Puzzi will play a Fantasia on the French Horn. Conductor, Signor M. Costa.

Boxes, Stalls, &c. to be had of Signor Zuchelli and Mr. Graham, at the Singing Academy, 21, Dover Street; and at R. Mills', 140, New Bond Street; and at the principal Music Shops.

MRS. W. H. SEGUIN and MRS. J. HULLAH'S Grand MORNING CONCERT will take place on Friday, June 26, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS—to commence at half-past One.—Principal Vocalists: Mme. Dorus Gras, Mme. Caradori Allan, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, Miss Woodyatt, Miss Edwards, and Miss Rainforth; Signori Tamburini, Zuchelli, Brizzi, Herr Haltzinger; Messrs. W. H. Seguin, and J. Parry, jun.—Instrumental Performers: The celebrated Liast; Signor Puzzi; Mr. Richardson, and Mrs. Hullah.—Conductor, Mons. Benedict.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, and a limited number of Stalls near the Piano, may be had of Mrs. W. H. Seguin, at her residence, No. 12, Regent Street, Pall Mall; of Mrs. J. Hullah, 28, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square; and at all the principal Music and Booksellers.

HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panzer Alley, Paternoster Row.—G. BERGER, Holywell Street, Strand, and the following Agents:—

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